

The Snow That Falls

by ZombiedevilXD

Category: How to Train Your Dragon, Rise of the Guardians
Genre: Romance
Language: English
Characters: Hiccup, Jack Frost
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2013-02-03 01:20:13
Updated: 2013-02-19 21:15:02
Packaged: 2016-04-26 14:28:57
Rating: T
Chapters: 2
Words: 2,546
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Hijack AU, lots off fluff.

1. Prologue

****Hello! This is ask-jack-frostsicle (from tumblr?) posting here on Fanfic because my dear friend (ZombiedevilXD /askthegayishtar) helped me with 50% of the editing and plot writing. (And I don't have an account : /)****

****Since this is my first real fic please R&R.****

****Warning: contains light Hijack fluff.****

"I used to imagine that I wasn't alone," Jack said through grit teeth, "It's like, I can't be the only one, ya know? It sucks when people pass right through you; you start to wonder if you're real. Then I met Pitch and... I take it all back."

The wind gave Jack a sympathetic blow, reliving the pain from his aching joints, the smell of chimney fires and deep woods filled his nostrils as she passed. Jack leant against his staff as he eyed the village below. Nestled between mighty cliffs the snow seemed to trap itself there and hide the houses below under massive blankets. It would have to do for now.

"I'm running out of options," Jack sighed, "my head hurts, and I want to lie down."

Jack could imagine spending his immortal lifetime here, having snowball fights with the local children, decorating shop windows in intricate swirls of frost and snow. It pained him to realize he wouldn't be able to stay. Damn it Pitch, Jack thought as he took to the skies.

Knowing that Pitch was getting closer and closer Jack called forth

the biggest blizzard he'd ever made. Unlike his snowflakes or frosts, storms were messy. There isn't a pattern to it, only a release of anger and tension. Jack didn't have the patience for delicate snowflakes; he simply spewed jagged lumps that littered the ground in an ugly mess. The winds weren't smooth and conjoined, rather mean and jagged. He figured it would at least give him some distance on Pitch while Jack waited for the sun to rise and weaken Pitch. It worked for a little bit, Pitch was nowhere to be seen but neither was the sun.

Jack waited for the sun as patiently as he could; longing for warm blissful rays to creak through the storm clouds and brighten the earth from the frozen hell Pitch caused Jack to make. The sun, however, had a agenda of his own. Steering through his mess Jack could hear Pitches deep laughter echoing from all around. Jack knew Pitch had found him; it was only a matter of time. He didn't want to deal with it anymore. Instead he frantically searched for a place to hide.

Wait a second... Since it was the middle of a blizzard, Jack almost missed the attic window left gaping open before him.

He let out a quiet whoop as he slid inside closing the glass behind him. It was the disorderly room of a teenager, posters of rock bands covered every inch of the ceiling as photographs and sketches covered every inch of the walls. He lay back on the green rug beneath him with a thud thinking how lucky he was.

****That wasn't so badâ€¦| was it?***

2. Chapter 1

****It's Hijack, the only thing I would dare write about. It's an early 90's AU because I don't like the idea of Hiccup having an iPhone or a computer (This only applies to my fics, I like it in other peoples work). ****

****Don't be surprised that I made Hiccup a black female, I warned you once.****

****The only other thing you really need to know is that I've taken out the guardians but kept "Jack Frost" and "the Boogie Man." The characters themselves are still there but it's not the same.****

"Yeah, we're fine," Hiccup grumbled to his father after one painfully long lecture over the phone as he poured soda for him and Toothless, "we're a little low on chips but we'll manage."

Hiccup gave a steady glare at toothless who was already half way through a can of Pringles and shoveling them by the handful. Toothless mouthed an apology as she slowed her pace.

"I heard over the radio that a blizzard hit up by you guys, you may have power now but I wouldn't expect it to hold for much longer. You know where the generator is, right?"

"It's that huge yellow hunk of junk next to the fridge in the shed, right?"

"Yeah... If you can't lift it have Taylor help you," Stoic stopped himself from saying any more since he knew Hiccup already knew what he was getting at, "Speak of the devil, tell her good morning for me."

"Yeah, yeah," Hiccup said sensing the disappointment in his father's voice that he needed a girl to help him lift the generator, "gotta go dad."

Hiccup hung up the phone trying hard not to slam it, not that it'd make a difference with how weak he was. He turned to Toothless and frowned.

"What?" She said shaking the crumbs from an otherwise empty Pringles can, "Is he coming home early?"

"Naw," Hiccup said crossing the room to join Toothless on the couch with their drinks, "He's too much of a die-hard workaholic for that. No blizzard can get in the way of the great and mighty Stoic."

Toothless tried her best not to laugh at her troubled companion. Hiccup made all these crappy sarcastic gestures whenever he talked about his father and Toothless thought they were the funniest thing in the world.

"Then why bother calling?" She said downing a gulp of her Coke and double fisting more Pringles.

"He said he got a note from school, about not making the track team. He's super pissed about that. Then he gave me that disappointed tone he gives me every other day of my life."

Hiccup completely left out the part about having Taylor, or "Toothless," lift the generator. He just had to give her a flash of his big green eyes and she instantly knew. Stoic liked Toothless; he hoped her toughness would one day rub off on Hiccup. Toothless was just happy Stoic let her come over so much. Still, it didn't give him the right to go comparing her to Hiccup in front of Hiccup.

"You and I could stage a fight," She said giving Hiccup a big toothy grin her dark brown lips accenting how white her teeth were, she looked more scary than she'd intended but that was always the case with Toothless, "I'd let you batter me up with your prosthetic to make it look convincing."

Hiccup didn't want to think about a fight with toothless, real or fake. She had this "don't fuck with me" attitude and the fist to back it up. She was dark skinned with this crazy undercut and she was covered in various piercings. Hiccup could easily imagine her emerging from a shadowy ally way and jumping whoever happened to be her unlucky victim. The only part of her appearance that was bright or light colored was her eyes, they were a bright yellow green that could pierce a man with their glare alone.

"I appreciate your enthusiasm but I don't know if that would help anything. Look, can we not talk about this, please? The Woodstock special is about to start."

Toothless turned her head to the screen as the Woodstock logo exploded onto the screen. She turned back to Hiccup and giggled. Toothless lived for this kind of stuff. She was a typical concert goer and had a guitar of her own. Nearly every music poster on Hiccups wall was a gift from her.

Hiccup was pretty happy too, he liked the older music of the late 60's and he'd always wanted to go see a band perform live. It probably wasn't good for his asthma, though, with all the heavy drugs in the air at events like that.

Their eyes glued to the screen the two watched as the first act was warmed up on the stage, the lead guitarist had taken out his guitar when-

Suddenly a winter weather warning advisory popped up on the TV screen.

"Well this fuckin' blows!" Toothless shouted almost throwing the remote at the TV.

"Maybe it'll go away." Hiccup said trying to sound optimistic.

After a few minutes it looked like their special would be canceled. Instead, a emergency news broadcast popped up on the screen. The weatherman called the storm "suicide weather," and advised that all windows and doors be firmly sealed. He was about to switch to a weather map when Toothless almost leapt out of her seat.

"Shit!" Toothless said nearly spraying bits of chips on Hiccup, "I left the upstairs window open!"

"Why the hell did you open it in the first place?"

"Dunno," Toothless shrugged, "'cause I felt like it?"

"Urgh! You can be so stupid sometimes," Hiccup said laughing and rubbing his temple, he slid himself off of the sofa, "I'll go take care of it."

"Please and thank you!" Toothless called lazily from the sofa as she took on a lounging position.

Although Hiccup liked that Toothless never interfered when he wanted to try and tackle something by himself he wished she had volunteered when he reached the stairs. In the short time he'd lived in this house Hiccup had fallen down and up them time and time again. He glanced back over to Toothless who was almost asleep from the weather man's dull drone. Suddenly her eyes snapped open.

"Hey Hicc," she called sitting up, "You okay. I thought I heard a thump."

"Yeah I'm okay. You must be hearing th-"

The two heard a slam from upstairs.

"I sure hope that's not the cassette player." Toothless said sparking a worry in Hiccup for his beloved junk.

With fierce determination he powered through each step until he reached the door at the top. He hesitated at the knob, fearful he might find ink wells spilt and posters torn.

"Whatever's broken you're paying for," He called to Toothless as he twisted the knob, "I'll be down in a minute."

The first thing that came to Hiccups attention was that the window had somehow closed. Since the junk on the tables and desks was all in its proper place Hicc assumed that was the slam he's heard. The second thing he noticed was how cold his room had gotten. Hiccup found himself shaking like a leaf as he strode deeper in. Then there was the third thing, a white haired snow covered thing clutching a large wooden staff lying right in front of him on his rug.

Hiccup noticed Toothless' baseball bat leaning against the wall near the door frame. Shakily lifting it with both hands he hoped he wouldn't have to use it. The white haired stranger turned over to Hiccup and gave him a big grin then turned his attention back to a poster of some German garage band.

At first Hiccup was set that this boy was a burglar. His heart began pounding hard in his chest; Hiccup stood no chance against a burglar. Then he noticed what a bad shape he was in. He looked beat, his eyelids begun to flutter closed. He was panting out little icy clouds but it died down with each passing second. His pale white skin had splotches of bruises and he was scraped up from head to toe. Hiccup wasn't sure what to make of it. The boy rested so peacefully there on his rug.

"Uh, excuse me!?" Hiccup shouted feeling confused, "Could you tell me why you're... in my room?"

"You can see me?" The tone of voice the boy used was a mixture of excited and tired.

"Well, yeah!" Hiccup said almost dropping the bat, "You're not exactly camouflaged so it's pretty freakin' obvious. Some burglar you are."

"I'm not a burglar," the boy said pushing himself up off the floor with a grunt, "I'm Jack."

"Heh, right, not a burglar then?" Hiccup snorted feeling like he was living a bad parody of the hobbit, this 'Jack' had a quirky way about him that Hiccup wasn't used to, "If you're not a burglar, what are you? Jack frost?"

"How'd ya know?" Jack said grabbing Hiccup by the arms in an icy grip that caused Hiccup to shiver. Jack had an on an excited smile, as if Hiccup had told him he'd just won the lottery instead. Hiccup was only being sarcastic but the boy didn't seem to notice. When Jack pulled away Hiccup saw specks of frost on the sleeves of his shirt.

"You should warn someone the next time you do that! Your hands are so--"

"Cold?" Jack's blue eyes stared deep into Hiccup. Hiccup shivered again. Jack was enjoying this. He'd never had a conversation with a

human before. He found it highly amusing.

Hiccup shakily raised the bat to Jack's level. Jack backed up but not out of fear. Jack had met Pitch, a fate far more terrifying than a teenaged boy. As he walked his bruises and cuts seemed to heal until you wouldn't have noticed he had them. Hiccup backed Jack up until he hit the window causing a burst of frost to fan out behind him. Hiccup tried to tell himself that Jack Frost wasn't real, that he was only imagining it, but...

Hiccup lowered the bat and pulled back at his auburn hair. He wondered if he was going insane but the chill in the air, so cold that it kept Hiccup wide awake as it burned at his skin and bit at his nose, told him otherwise.

"Explain yourself," Hiccup demanded without looking directly at Jack.

"I was being chased," Jack said peeking out the window as the sun began to rise, "Your window was open so I took it. Now if you would be so kind, I need a place to stay and-"

"Chased by what?"

"I wouldn't worry about it," Jack said plopping himself back down on the floor, "from what I've seen he can't hurt humans."

"Humans? And you're not-"

"Nope," Jack said grinning at the adorably shy and confused look Hiccup made from behind his glasses, "I've been immortal for as long as I can remember."

"Jesus shit!" Hiccup said almost fainting over, "I must've fallen down those stairs after all. I'm probably blacked out on the sofa right now. All I've gotta do is wake up."

"Would you like a hand?"

"N-no!" Hiccup shouted blushing not wanting to feel his cold hands again.

"You talkin' to yourself again, Hicc?" Toothless called from the base of the stairs.

"No... well, yes and no," Hiccup said glancing down to Toothless, "would you believe me if I said Jack Frost was up here?"

Jack snickered, "She'll probably think you've gone crazy."

"Dunno, why?" Toothless said climbing the stairs.

"Because either I've gone crazy or that may just be the case."

"Then I'd consider it." Toothless had reached the top step. She pushed past Hiccup only to find that "white haired thing" sitting Indian style on Hiccup's rug waving back at her. Swirls of frost extended around him to imitate the rays of the sun on an abstract painting.

"I think we've gone crazy, Hicc."

**Wowâ€¦ nearly 5 pages on the first chapter. I hope you're all bearing with me. If I make any spelling or grammar mistakes please warn me. **

Remember to R&R!

End
file.